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VOL. XXIV.

No. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE,



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1859.

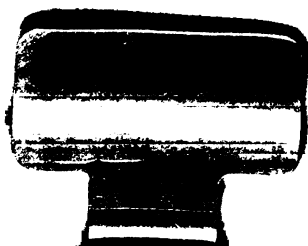
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

APRIL, 1859.

No. VI.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,

B. N. HARRISON,

G. W. FISHER,

T. R. LOUNSBURY,

A. H. WILCOX.

American Civilization.

A little more than three centuries have gone, since that day ever memorable in the annals of time, when Columbus, and his sea-worn mariners kissed the shores of St. Salvador, and thanked God that they were alive. That day the world was doubled and ever since, right on through every obstacle,—through all the years of famine and bloodshed—through all the struggles of political parties—through all the treacheries and plots which beset the age of a young nation, the waves of Civilization have been steadily flowing inland, sweeping away savage tribes and sturdy forests, bearing on their crests, as it were, the mighty cities of the Mother world. Thus it has come to pass that, if tall ships and wealthy ports, villages ringing with the click of a thousand hammers, electric wires, and marvellous machinery, were all that constituted true civilization, America to day, would have but little to complain of. But if we inquire for the civilized men and women of America, instead of civilized steam engines, and printing presses, we shall have little cause to boast of our improvement in this direction.

In instituting a few queries relative to this subject, and sketching a few circumstances which may tend to their elucidation, we do not at all forget that immortality is not to be achieved by grumbling. Neither are we of those whose constant cry is the degeneracy of the present age, but it is to be remembered that continual self-aggrandisement is equally tedious with continual growling, and an occasional growl at least adds the spice of variety.

Neither need any one apprehend from our formidable rubric, a second edition of Bowen's Political Economy, it being the farthest thing possible from our present intention, to dilate on money matters. But in the midst of the continual boasting and glorification resounding from all quarters in a country where all women are angels, and every man from the country school-master to the President of the United States, is the prince of Geniuses—where all the boys of ten years are building steam ships and inventing telegraphs—where girls of equally tender years write volumes of metaphysical poetry, and complete Coleridge's *Christabel* in a single night—where in short no one ever makes a mistake and every one excels, let us take a peep behind the scenes.

Fancy if you will that some steel clad old warrior of a by-gone century, by some unaccountable process of transmigration has come down to our times, and that the ringing of his broad sword mingles with his quaint remarks, as together we enter the lawyer's office, the pulpit, the study, the counting room, the parlor, and, stripping off the masks and tinsel, scrutinize the reality.

Here we are then, just in the nick of time, in front of Attorney Gobble's office. You can see him through the window busily engaged in writing, the hair all gone from the summit of his cranium, though the iron gray curls still cling around the sides. His forehead has one or two of Time's furrows deeply ploughed across it, he looks intelligent and a little anxious, but lately his body has been imitating more and more closely the cask of *Madeira* in his cellar; and the sharp, hatchety look, that he used to have, is giving place to the smooth bland countenance of successful practice. Such is Lawyer Gobble. Made money, hasn't he? Money! of course he has. Wrought his own way,—admitted to the bar young—eloquent and shrewd—worth over a hundred thousand—friends all over the country! Now this ought to satisfy any reasonable man, certainly.

"When I was in Crum'ell's troop, I smote many a better scribe than he, hip and thigh"—breaks in from our friend of the broad

sword, while at the same time he clutches nervously at its hilt. "Those parliamenters ruined many a poor man—a fore Crum'll got amongst 'em, but their time was short then."

You look somewhat aghast at this—you respectfully remind your ancient friend, that this is Attorney Gobble—one of the most respectable men in the place, but the old veteran looks incredulous—and in fact from one or two stories which you yourself have heard of the manner in which Gobble settled the estate of Widow Easy-to-do—and another trifle about government lands, you think we had better walk on, before we attract attention. But in sober earnest, my friend, you are perfectly conscious that this respectable Lawyer Gobble, is a man of little principle, of no refinement, in short, with all his success, and all his wealth, very little of a man. He is affable and apparently honorable without doubt, but what good has his life done to any one. He has made more quarrels than he ever settled, he has helped himself liberally to the money in the community, but no one ever heard of his making anybody better or happier. His life is easily written. He was born—he grew rich out of other men's troubles,—he died. It is to be hoped that in this extremely civilized and enlightened country—this land of philanthropic institutions, of Sabbath bells, and bibles, all lawyers are not Gobbles, but the reader's experience has been different from ours if nine out of every ten are not.

It is only a little way down to the minister's mansion—poor man—his reverend frame, has been growing thinner and thinner of late, still he labors on; many are his cares, his voice is weak—very weak, and his step totters. But God sends ill-health—it is for him only to kiss the rod.

Now far be it from us to say anything against American Clergymen as a body. We believe that they are as pure, as self-sacrificing, and as earnest as any in the world. But still it is perfectly evident, and becoming more and more so every day, that this American Civilization as we call it, is rearing up and sending forth into the ministry a set of men as utterly unfitted for their station as it is possible to conceive. Men, who think that nothing more is requisite for the construction of a christian minister, than that he should have passed through a college and a divinity school. We know perfectly well that out of the mouths of babes, etc., the wise shall be confounded, but we have not yet met with that passage which recommends half-starved students who have not vital force enough to keep themselves

awake an hour and a half on Sunday, to array themselves in ministerial apparel and disturb the worship of respectable citizens, by croaking a miserable re-hash of lessons learned at the Seminary. Yet there is the Rev. Thomas Phthisic, the gentleman whom we alluded to not long since, settled over a very worthy village congregation of farmers and mechanics, men of sound vigorous understandings, who come with their wives and children, to hear plain, vigorous, common-sense explanations, exhortations and teachings. They come, men of grey heads, and strong arms, Nature's noblemen many of them, and take their seats. A dapper little man with a thin sallow face, of some thirty years, bounces up into the pulpit, produces an immense mass of fools-cap, and reads, "in a husky, drowsy, asthmatic tone" about principles and laws, and nature, and the "Fathers," now and then starting off by way of variety into an extravagant fourth of July flourish about the blue arching heavens, and flowery vales.

Now how in the name of common-sense, is such a minister adapted to such a congregation, or to any congregation. How by any rational method can such a man win souls to Christ. How can it be expected that when *christians* drop asleep as though every one of his words was a ball of opium, that the thoughtless and profane are going to be awed and convinced of the glorious majesty of the gospel. And yet this is just the kind of minister that our colleges and seminaries with their splendid endowments tend to make. Go into the College and into the Seminary and hear them recite. Enter into conversation with them and question them. Orthodox are they not? Orthodox! The majority of them, poor round-shouldered wretches, although they have studied Greek seven years, don't know what orthodox means. They are orthodox inasmuch as they believe any thing that is told them, and have had the benefit of sound instruction, but they never thought for themselves, and by long neglect have almost lost the capacity to do so. They are the easy victims of the first-crack-brained live pantheist that comes along. They are petted and patted, the darlings of Society; they are sent to spend the summer at Newport, and the winter South for their health. And yet their life is *so* hard. But affliction purifieth. The gold comes out bright and refined from the heated furnace. They are resigned.

And yet we should believe them. Their lives *are* full of trouble. It *is* hard to have droned through school and college and seminary,

to have contracted habits of indolence and dyspepsia, to be conscious of being a shallow, superficial scholar, a prosy, intolerable speaker, and to have the burden of a church, made up of real flesh-and-blood men and women, on one's hands. This old puritan here whom we have in imagination taken along with us, could tell us of ministers in his day, who might indeed have been fanatical, and extreme sometimes, but for all that when they stood up in the simple majesty of manhood, and spoke to their congregation, assembled perhaps on the open moor, with pikes and carbines in their hands, had at least this merit, that they could be heard. They had something to say, and they said it in a manner which impressed their hearers at least with the belief that they were alive. It is not indeed to be expected that every minister should be a Hercules in body, or a Taylor in intellect, but if log-huts, and Indian fights are necessary to give us exemption from the puny race of beings who attach themselves to the American clergy proper, we had better exchange our boasted civilization, and our double-refined pastors for the Brainerds and the bushes of the last century.

Better be a lawyer Gobble, and get fat, old, and atheistical, if it must be, than a Rev. Thomas Phthisic, disgusting persons brought up by pious parents, and disgracing the cause of religion before its enemies.

We have spoken of the excrescences of American Civilization in the law and the ministry; but it is not alone in the professions that the shallow superficiality of its training is apparent. We boast of our schools, of the superior enlightenment of the masses; but surely we have little cause to boast our scholarship. With the exception of a few brilliant names, men whose native fire would overcome any obstacles, however great, the American scholar, after having completed his college course, is hardly fitted to enter the European University. These may be unpalatable, but they are not unwholesome truths.

Look at this specimen. Mr. John Digitout, valedictorian, lank-jawed, hollow-eyed—the splendid scholar, the accomplished gentleman, twenty-two years of age. Does he speak the modern languages? Not at all. He has dabbled a little in German, but nothing to any purpose. Of course he is a profound Latinist? So far from this, there is not a single Latin or Greek Author whom he can read and appreciate in the original. Notwithstanding all his scholarship, notwithstanding his having plodded through Sallust, Virgil, Livy,

Horace, Tacitus, if he wants to refer to a passage in any of these authors, he uses a translation, if he can get it. Of all knowledge of English Literature he is as innocent as the veriest Hottentot. He has heard of Shakespeare, perhaps owns a copy, but never dreamed of the hidden meaning of the great poet, never, in short, really read a single line, though he may have droned over hundreds. But the great excellence of such scholarship as this consists not in anything tangible, but in the discipline he has acquired. He has spent four years amongst books, he has passed from a boy into a man, and when he inquires for the fruit of his labor, he is informed that he perhaps cannot quite comprehend it, but it is discipline. It may be that discipline is invaluable, but sometimes in an hour of despondency, one cannot help remembering that Philip Melancthon at twenty, was the most accomplished Grecian in the University, that Calvin at twenty-two, was writing learned criticisms on the books of the Old and New Testament, or, if it is urged that all are not Calvins or Melancthons, that the school-girl of to-day can speak some of the modern languages at least.

Another glorious feature of our Civilization is the perfection of its social rules. We have no aristocracy but an aristocracy of intellect and worth. That is the grand characteristic feature of American Society. Hence it is so disgusting to an American, to witness the airs of the nobility across the water, where mere money and birth are the passports. To one accustomed to the grand soirees of New York, to the manly figures—the intellectual countenances—the extremely refined conversation, the beauty of social life in America appears in its most manifest form. There is Mrs. Goodasthebest—oh, the extreme complacency of that lady's disposition—the unruffled piety of her life—not a thought that could be considered as tinctured in the slightest with the carnal—and such elevated views—such liberal accomplishments. She is not a fashionable lady in the vulgar sense of the term, far from it. The vanities of dress have no allurements for her—she trusts that she shall occupy the position of a christian matron with becoming dignity. Oh it is touching to see this bundle of chastened virtues, wrapped up in costly furs, rolling to church in a carriage worth a fortune, conning the morning lesson in a book, the gold clasps of which would have sent a dozen bibles to her much lamented heathen.

In the foregoing sketches, we do not pretend to recognize the best samples of American growth, either in Law, Theology, or any

other department. Neither is it pretended that even with our belter skelter education there are not many names, of statesmen, of divines, of scholars, dignified by every noble quality of mind and heart, which are shedding a glorious lustre on the institutions which reared them. But in spite of all this, it must be admitted that there is a woful lack somewhere; we have little occasion to feel that immense respect for ourselves, which should induce us to take off our hats every time we speak of our institutions, and perhaps after all our boasted progress, we are not so far in advance of the simple savages who inhabited where we now do, when Columbus first set foot upon our shores.

A. H. W.

An English Boat Race.

S. R. CALTHROP.

You want to see a Cambridge boat race, do you, my American friend? Well, then, come and lunch at my rooms in old Trinity, and then we will set off.

Here, this is the great gateway, it opens upon the great quadrangle,—the crowning boast of a Trinity man. One hundred yards square, Sir, if it is an inch. There, don't step on the grass, it's contrary to law. Now come mount the Hall steps, and just peep in at the grand old Hall, with its lofty, dark old oak ceilings, and its grim portraits of old worthies frowning down. It is silent enough now, but five hundred men will sit down to dinner in it in a couple of hours, all in gowns. Blue is the color of the Trinity gown as you may have noticed. By the way, now we're upon the subject I may tell you an infallible test by which you may tell a fast man when you see him: A fast man has always the worst college cap and the best hat, the loudest waistcoat and the most tattered gown. If you see a gown that is just about used up, and ready to fall to pieces, you may be sure that that is upon a fast man. Well, we must hurry. Down these steps, this is the Nevilles Court, the great Library, built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the further end. This is the Fellows Court. A picture of a place is it not. To-night I will take you up to B's rooms, and show you the oak panelled Fellows' rooms. I

hate to hurry you away now, but the fact is that the men are beginning to go now to the river. This is the New Court up this staircase. There, cram a biscuit into your mouth and come on. Out of that gate is the great Avenue, in the Trinity grounds, the glory thereof. But we have no time to waste. See, every one is moving in the same direction. There is a good deal of excitement felt about to-day. First Trinity has been head of the river for I don't know how long. The "Caius" boat has gained place after place, and is now second. They are confident that they shall bump First Trinity, and as this is the last race of the term, they are of course doubly anxious. Sidney, a gallant crew of a very small college, is third; a very unusual thing. They have come up fast, and are going to try to bump Caius. They themselves bumped Johns last race, but the Johnian stroke was away, so the Johns feel sure of winning their place back again. Next to Johns comes Third Trinity, the Eton and Westminster men you know; next, Second Trinity, &c. &c.

Now we're in the stream; 4000 people will be upon the tow path to-day. Now for some statistics. There are about 25 eight oars which will take part in the race to-day; that is about 200 men. There are also about a dozen "torpids," who are not on the river, making 100 more, besides innumerable eights, fours, pairs, and sculls who do not race at all. Add these together and it will give you some idea of the importance of the Boats to a Cambridge man: you will see enough as we go along to illustrate this. Now keep your eyes about you. That big man on a big horse is Whewell, the Master of Trinity; he will ride along by the boats all the way along the tow path. That tall old gentleman conversing very earnestly with that pretty young lady on the other side of the river, is Sedgewick, the Geologist, you know. Now you see, there are a lot of the Johnian boating men coming up on the tow path to see the race. They have all red jackets, you see; that's their uniform. Those in green are the Queen's men; those in dark blue First Trinity, and so on. Here are all the colors of the Rainbow. Doesn't the tow path look like a masquerade? These men will now run along the tow path, and deafen you with cries of encouragement to their respective crews. We will run close by the first boats, You see we could touch them all the way along, with a pole as long as a fishing rod. Now we pass Ditton Church, now Grassey Corner. Here are the fatal places for bumps. Here come up the

Crews one by one. That's Sidney, two pale blue jerseys in it. Those are two University oars. No one is allowed to wear jerseys of that color except the men who are in the University eight. I know men who would give a thousand pounds to be able to wear one. Here First Trinity with two pale blue jackets, also, among the crew. Caius has one, John's one, third Trinity one; all marked by the color of the jersey. Now just look at that boat, the First Trinity boat, the one painted black. That boat is pretty near seventy feet long, and not more than two feet broad, and as light as a feather. They are pulling an easy stroke just up to the starting place, but see how they all move together, see what an amount of power and pluck is afloat in that narrow boat; each man in each crew is determined to pull to the last; will pull while he can lift his head up. Surely a training like this is worth something, letting alone the long course of self-denial that has brought them up to such a pitch of training. There's the first gun, however; come along. Now you see the whole way in which we race. In this narrow stream no two boats can row abreast, and so each boat is moored about sixty yards apart, one behind the other, in regular order, and each one tries to bump the boat ahead of him. When they have done this, both winner and loser draw off to the side and let the other boats pass. There's the second gun. Now each crew takes its station, in the middle of the river, each coxswain holding on by a rope to his stake, which he lets go at the third gun, and then off. Now look out for the rush. Make ready, present, fire. Now they are off, on the instant. Now stop your ears. "Go it First Trinity, now you gaining." "Now for it Caius." "Well pulled Sidney." "Now you have it Johns." All four first boats well together, no one gains, now round the corner. Don't get out of breath, and don't lag behind. The crowd will run over you if you don't mind. Why don't get wild, my American friend, and don't pitch your shiny new hat into the river. "Go it Caius." "Look out, First Trinity, now then for it." Caius comes up, gaining inch by inch; I declare, that's Sidney close upon Caius, Johns behind, and Third Trinity upon them. Keep with the first three. "Now, First Trinity." "Now you'll do it Caius;" "Well pulled Sidney." Heavens! Caius is not half a length behind First Trinity, Sidney close upon Caius; never mind your hat, it is gone for ever, "Did you ever see excitement like this my boy." Now Caius overlaps First Trinity, go it, First; now Sidney overlaps Caius. Will Caius bump or be bumped?

It must come to an end round the turn. Look out, Caius has bumped, no, not by six inches. "Now Sidney." These fellows pull like madmen, Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Sidney, Caius is bumped, and old First Trinity is safe for another year ; a lull, the great excitement is over, get your breath and we'll look at Johns and Third Trinity. Now for it down the long reach. Third gains every stroke. The Eton men last forever. They will bump. Three lengths more and Johns is safe. Into it then, Third Trinity ; and Johns is bumped close by the Goal. Hurrah for old Trinity ! Now come home. The other boats are arriving in one after the other, but you've seen the best of it.

There, what do you think of a Cambridge boat race, as it is enacted fifty times a year ! I know what your pantaloons think of it, they're one mass of mud. Never mind a hat, we'll borrow a cap at one of the boat houses, then we'll dine at my rooms. I won't go to Hall to day.

Fifty-Eight and Fifty-Nine.

I saw upon the College green
 A hundred classmates throng :
 A hundred manly voices
 Swelled out their parting song :
 A hundred classmates' hands were joined
 As the last "good bye" was said,
 And "Auld Lang Syne" rose grandly up
 Through the elm trees over-head.
 For Time had opened the book of Fate,
 And marked for us our line.
 Gone were the days of Fifty-eight,
 Going was Fifty-nine.

* * * * *

Well nigh two terms have rolled away
 Of our last college year,
 And o'er our student memories
 We drop a parting tear.
 In spite of four years spent at Yale,
 In spite of application—

Our memory will pass away
With us at Presentation.
For out from Yale's " Alumni-gate "
We, too, must march our line.
Behind us, now, is Fifty-eight,
Before is Fifty-nine.

A hundred and fifty odd will come
At the next examination—
To enter here with hopeful hearts
And glad with expectation.
There 'll be a rowdy Soph'more class
And tutors windows broke,
And Freshman dreams of honors high
Will vanish into smoke.
Hard men will sit at Eli's late
And wits will strive to shine.
And as Yale passed thro' Fifty-eight
She will pass thro' Fifty-nine.

Tutors will fizzle Sophomores,
Seniors sleep over prayers,
Freshmen will speak in Prize-debate,
Juniors will put on airs ;
The bell will ring its daily call
To every recitation,
New College laws will be enforced
In spite indignation ;
While each and all will speculate
On the Faculty's design,
And just as it did in Fifty-eight
T' will do in Fifty-nine.

Excuses will be handed in,
For " absences " and " fevers,"
The Senior class will spend its cash
On half a hundred beavers.
Boarding school girls will flirt like mad
And fifty hearts be broken,
And killing glances will be given,
And tender words be spoken.
To fill the envied chair of state
Societies will combine,
Just as we fought in Fifty-eight
They will fight in Fifty-nine.

But others will fill our places here
When the Fall vacation's flown :
Others will take our College rooms
And voices not our own,

Will swell the song that years ago
They sang who have passed before us—
Tho' far away, our hearts will stay,
Our college loves come o'er us—
But the favors of Fate which we await—
Bright visions that o'er us shine—
The dreams we dreamed in Fifty-eight—
May vanish in Fifty-nine.

And should we find that day by day
"All thoughts and things grow older,"
As our locks with age are turning grey,
And the blood of youth grows colder,
If wordly friends should play us false
Let student hearts be true.
Then three times three for our jolly class!
And a health for the College too!
And down with the man who fears his fate
While we sing of Auld Lang Syne,
For those who were friends in Fifty-eight
Shall be friends in Fifty-nine.

Significance of Life.

The plainest truths are oftenest overlooked. The most significant facts, we treat as the most commonplace and unmeaning. The most interesting things usually concern us least. The truths which to a reflecting mind are most important, are those which to the common thought are the most trite.

The most self-evident of all facts, is the fact of our own being, and yet is it by no means the first acknowledged, and generally, it is not considered to be of the highest interest—yet, laying aside all religious considerations, our own life is the most significant truth in all human experience.

We are apt to think that the farther off we travel into distant and uncommon provinces of thought, the more important must be our discoveries, the more extraordinary will be the value of the gems we gather there. But we will find that the region which, at the very first, lay unnoticed and unattractive, before us, is the realm to which these all pay tribute, and that the jewel which we hold in our hands

from our birth is the most valuable, the most brilliant of all—thus, if we speak of human life, we think that it is nobler to leave the little province of self, and stretch the eye of a philosopher over the life of the race of man, or of nations, or of governments; to regard its manifestation in the regularity, the beneficence, the wisdom of laws, of societies, of sciences; or to judge of life by its professions, its avocations, or its acts of right and wrong.

But we may see that all these considerations sink into shade beside the significance of our own individual life, and that from this, these former derive all the importance that they do possess, and are properly absorbed and swallowed up in the higher consideration. I endeavor now, to arrive by reflection at the same appreciation of the transcendent significance of one's own life, independent of any and all of its occasional circumstances, which has more than once arisen, spontaneously, and with an all-embracing power, from my own consciousness. And I presume if I accomplish any thing of that which I could desire, it will be rather to show the strength of this idea by its contrast with others, generally treated as the most important, than by much, if anything, said directly to the point.

And first, what are we to learn by contemplating, as a whole, the races of mankind? Let us cast a broad glance over the whole world of men, and see them, of all languages and features, and dispositions, and interests, like the waves of a great human ocean, constantly heaving and surging, and dashing, and foaming in manifold and different ways of living. With human sight, we can see now but an indistinct, and tumultuous chaos of sorrow and sin, and a little happiness, and some light and goodness—with prejudice, and tyranny, and ignorance, nobility and things ignoble, the constant storm and the recurring rainbow, palaces and prisons, angels and demons, acts worthy of heaven, and of hell. Before any cosmos can appear from all this, we must see God's Spirit brooding over the face of these waters—before we can read any lesson from the characters of such a page, we must consult the divine key which is given us in the Scriptures. The only lessons we can learn from such a view of human existence, are those of divine providence. To us, individually, and apart from religious purposes, such a view is of no particular importance.

But, of what importance is the conception of human life gained from its manifestation in the organizations of distinct nations, states and communities? Are we not instructed, and ennobled by exhibitions of progress, of wisdom, and of beneficence? And is it not one

of the worthiest, and pleasantest offices of philosophy, to note the changes, the improvements, the good prophecies of futurity, in the advancement of humanity from barbarism, to the perfection of civil government. All that is claimed here, we may admit. But, after we have carefully separated, from our sense of the advantages from such a view, all moral benefits, we may find, that all which is granted is of but very slight importance. We grant that from this view, we can perceive progress, but the advantage of this progress depends entirely upon the nature of the perfection toward which it moves, which, I think, we may find to be, at the best, but a negative good,—in its turn, in fact, depending upon the nature of the interests it subserves, for even this negatively good character.

The wisdom to be seen in human history, is very great, upon the side of Providence, overruling the designs of men, both, bad and good, bringing good from evil; while we are continually compelled to justify the goodness, and wisdom, of the best men of the past, by “considering the age in which they lived;” and each succeeding age is invariably employed in rectifying the errors of the one before. As to the beneficence of governments, we will see how great it is in considering what these secure to us. “That government is best that governs least,” which leaves to man the largest liberty possible, that he may pursue his own plans, think his own thoughts in any way he chooses, and not suffer interference in so doing. This is the object of all law, civil and criminal, national, international, or local. In other words, all government, and law, in reference to human instrumentality, show how rapidly men progress, how limitedly wise and good they are, in having the liberty, simply of living uninterfering and uninterfered with.—Of what comparative importance to that life itself, these things are, and how far they go toward furnishing a clue to it, we now may see.

And what is society? What is “society,” regulated by rules and laws, modified by customs and fashions? Is life the idea developed by the man whose social disposition leads him to adapt his actions to the necessary rules of society, and whose highest work is to enliven and cheer a company of his fellows here, or to pass away his time there, in innocent, happy converse or amusement? We do not impute any thing bad or wrong to society, we do not deny its worth, and even necessity, and least of all, the kindness of the author of society,—but after all, is social life, *life*? Is it very much different from the associations and kind offices of lower animals—of dogs, of birds, or of monkeys? The tone of such intercourse unquestionably is higher, it

is absolutely higher in the scale of things ; but does it stand in a very much different relation to the real life of man, from that which the society of other animals holds to the existence of such creatures ? Some circumstances are quite essential to the continuance of a race, to any individual of which race they are of but very inconsiderable importance. Thus it seems to be respecting society. If it were possible to obtain the same wisdom without the experience of society, would the man be incomplete without society ? not accepting the affirmation of Butler. If not, then society is merely a circumstance to man which we do not necessarily involve in our higher conception of human life. I very well know that what I now say is a very simple truth, and yet do I know as well, that there are men, not a few, claiming to be thinking men, who consider their highest duties those to society, not those to themselves. Now looking upon social life as a means of development, as an instrument of good, how does it secure its ends ? By the influences of kindness on the heart, and by the manifestation of principles in active conduct. And if we view society as a place thus for self-development and a sphere of benevolence, it is well. But for us to lean upon any particular friendship as indispensable, is not only to deceive ourselves, but it is to betray ourselves. A person may drop a seed of kindness into this heart and that one, whose roots shall swell these hearts bigger, and whose foliage shall in future beautify and adorn their life. But in bringing about such an influence, men, like things, are to him only instruments to an end. They all constitute a harvest field through which he passes and gathers fruit for himself in all their manners and laws and acts of kindness or of unkindness—and then in turn he becomes a part of this great harvest field from which others gather good, and into which they plant seed. This appears misanthropical and selfish—but it is neither. I would not in the least discourage sociality and human intercourse and kindness, nor have a man look continually or chiefly to the good which all things work out for himself. But supposing that human kindness is seldom fictitious, and not often forgotten, not easily thrust from the heart whenever circumstances conspire to afford a fair trial of strength between this and selfishness,—supposing that the grave always is made in the heart, that grief is not laid aside with the sombre crape and the weeds of widowhood, that we do not often in the unfortunate loss of some memento of love lose the memory, too,—supposing that hereafter we shall not need, upon the mention of some name, to be reminded that it belongs to him who sat next us during the scenes of the sad day of

Presentation, at the close of our College course, and whose hand trembled as it clasped our own, and whose eyes shed then uncustomary tears,—supposing all this, and urging to all human association and fraternity,—in the end, what is the relation of these things to human life? Are these the end of life? Society dissolves, to each man, upon his departure from it, and, when all depart, human society will only be a thing that was, all that remains of which being its history and its influence on each individual life. We do not live for the sake of human kindness, far less do human friendships give the highest significance to life itself.

Life appears, even independent of religion, to be compacted of mighty interests, of heroic actions, of surprising achievements, of lovely virtues, of warm affections. History loves to flatter, to magnify, to deify. Leaving out of view every thing in regard to a man but one great fact, it enlarges and improves this by repetition and addition, and, as a result, presents to our nature, of mixed good and evil, an incarnate god or fiend. We are living men, and that is the chiefest thing concerning Leonidas, or Nero, or Washington. We are continually dazzled with polished images of Alexander, Napoleon, Bacon, Franklin, Webster, till we see in them no likeness to ourselves. When once this result has been secured, thenceforth the lives of such men are of no interest to us. It is only when the deeds and principles made manifest in them are possible to us, and so appeal to our own personal selves, that they properly influence us at all. How seldom this is understood to be the case, will at once explain and prove the small amount of the influence of such men. We are all earth-worms, and although some bore a little larger hole in their passage through the clay, and with more ease push from their own track and that of their kind the pebbles which impede their free crawling, that in which we most resemble each other is the most significant of all—we are all worms. The heroic deeds, the dazzling achievements and honorable acts of men are great things for men; that we are living men is a fact most significant to ourselves not only, but to the universe of God. And if the principles of other lives presented to us appeal to our approbation, and influence us to imitation, modifying our lives, it is because there is something in us, in the first place, to which these can appeal, and which employs them as the means of its own growth. You claim that this growth and modification are important, and for this reason the actions which induce the growth and development, are consequential. Yet this very admission would prove the paramount significance of our own being from occupying a relation of some little use to which all these have their worth demonstrated.

In the same way, the accumulation of knowledge from the motive afforded in the maxim, "Knowledge is power," the motive most influential of all in urging to the acquirement of learning, or for reason of the advantage that knowledge confers on the world of men in meliorating their condition, is dependent for its worthiness on some higher consideration—the consideration what end of life it is which such power or amelioration would secure. For their effect upon the mind, learning and philosophy are in themselves good and necessary to any conception of life in the least degree exalted. And this is the only object of pursuit, apart from considerations of religion, which is worthy of human life. Yet even this, detached from religion, dwindles, and if it does not cease, at least remains exceedingly incomplete. And even religion and morality, for the efficacy of their appeals, are compelled to refer back to our appreciation of the significance of our own being. Virtue is "the origination of acts conducive to our own highest good." The love of Christ we feel because 'Christ died for us,' and the rewards and punishments of God's moral government appeal to the principle of a proper self love. How significant is that life, which is the life of a soul, comprising interests, on our appreciation of which Deity must needs rest our moral obligations.

The best works, the noblest pursuits on earth, seem to bear the same relation to the real life of man that the amusements of childhood do to the interests of mature life,—both seem frivolous till it is seen that they are necessary means of a good of a higher nature—and only in this view it is that they become at all worthy of us.

If it seems that I have been merely uttering barren truisms, still, it is most evident that they are truisms, if such they be, ignored and contradicted in the life of the great majority of living men. The life of most is but a continued effort to secure the means of further living; while many of the rest fix their eyes intently on some instrumental good, as being of the highest consequence in itself, which perhaps appears utterly useless, and if useless, unworthy, when we appreciate the full import of intelligent being. Men do with their lives as misers with their gold,—they rent them; not to apply the accumulating income to the securement of any proper object of desire, but only in its turn to rent this out to profitless interest. Such reflections as the preceding are considered out of place, not sufficiently practical and common sense, not becoming men of the world with families to sustain, with work to do, who, in short, "have got to live." Without stopping to ask what reason any have for saying these men *must* live, let

more merely make use of this, to show that the world do not believe in the paramount significancy of one's own being, disconnected from circumstances—so often ignoble and detrimental, and always so comparatively unimportant.

Such is the insignificance of the things of this world without religion, and we put the question of Schlegel, "For how is it possible to attain to a just and correct knowledge of human things in any department of life and science, unless they be viewed in relation to and connection with the Divine principle which animates or directs them?"

We are well aware that the charge of cold selfishness will be laid against these reflections. But notwithstanding the unwelcomeness of some of our conclusions, can they be avoided?

Again, I have not endeavored to underrate the importance of any human good. I would rather exalt the importance of all these things—but, not to the disadvantage of our conception of that from which these borrow all their importance, and whose significancy infinitely transcends these, however high they mount—our own intelligent, progressive life. Increase all human good to utmost excellence, and still it is insignificant beside that being for which it is designed. This is all the importance that attaches to these things till religion enters. Then, I admit, we are led to look away from ourselves to God, and to His works, for His sake only—to our brother's good, as his keeper—and we have beside the capacity of being thoughtful, the glory and the happiness of being benevolent. Without religion, we feel the dignity of our life, we are conscious of immortality, we recognize the divinity of our "breath of life." With religion, we are made humble and self-denying and loving, and are not permitted to despise the day of small things; we know that "all things work together for good to them that love God," that every thing, even without us, is of consequence, since every thing is by His appointment.

Religion directs to the reflections contained in these words of Lamartine: "Do as I have done; hold up a mirror to your life. It is sweet to seize the joys which are fleeting away, or the tears which drop from our eyelids, and to find them again several years after in these pages, (of his memoir) and to say, 'At this, then, I was happy! at this, then, I wept!' Such a practice teaches us the *instability of feelings and things*; not at their value for the moment, which is a false and deceptive value, *but at their value for eternity, which alone does not deceive us.*" From any other point we must look upon the experiences of time, as he does in the following.

Comparing himself to one who hesitates, standing by the corpse of a dear friend whose countenance the winding-sheet conceals, whether to raise the coverlid or not—" Shall I look on it such as death has left it, or shall I press a kiss on that forehead through the snowy covering, and never see those vanished features more—save in memory with the color, the look, and the expression which they wore in life? I experience something of this hesitancy in re-opening for you this sealed book of my memory. Beneath this veil of forgetfulness there is a *lifeless corse—it is my youth*. Alas! how often have I regretted that ever I was born! How often have I wished to sink back into nothingness, rather than advance amidst so much falsehood, so many sufferings and so many successive losses towards that loss of ourselves which we call death!"

H. B.

Θάλαττα.

Fresh blow the gales,
From off the half-glanced lands,
Where the setting sun in the ocean dips;
Wafting *gent'y* the precious-freighted ships,
Brimming with golden sands,
And merchant-bales.

Wild 'mid the gloom
The hissing *storm-wind blows*
O'er the sinking ship; while rough sail shreds
Flap madly over the sailors' heads,
And the yawning ocean waits, to close
O'er their watery tomb.

Happy the days
By the *quiet summer sea!*
When to the Poet's sonnets listening,
We gazed upon the long still ocean glistening,
Until in fancy, we seemed to be
In the land of those dreamy lays!

Solemn the roar
Of the *surging, wintry swell!*
When, the long, lone eve, as we read alone,
Its sound came down with the muffled moan
Of the far-off Wreckers' bell,
On the crag-piled shore.

Pure hearts I trow
 Once beat by the azure sea;
 Hearts that burned with a love for Christ
 And love for man ;—but above the rest
 A pure, strong heart, that warmed for me,
 With a wondrous glow.

Ah ! many years syne
 Did we list by the summer sea,
 To the murmuring winds of ocean,
 Fresh as our calm emotion ;—
 And the heart that there first warmed for me,
 Is forever mine.

And often, we,
 In our home by the same lone shore,
 As we list at eve to the low winds breath,
 Shall hear the sweet voices, hushed in death,
 And recall the hearts, that with ours, no more
 Shall beat by the summer sea. THETA.

The Evenings of Senior Year.

“ I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
 Awakens all the music of the mind,
 And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
 And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.”

Memory has no trusts more important, or more sacred, than those which the Evenings of Senior Year commit to it, none which the student heart, will be more willing to assist it in preserving ; none which she will be oftener called upon to cherish, and reproduce, in after life. The impressions which are made upon it, are not those which thoughtless gaiety, and reckless jollity alone make. Not those associations alone, which spring from the activities and experiences of the social life of College. But it is all these saddened and sobered, by the reflection that they will soon be gone, that they will soon be succeeded by a real contact with the realities, the responsibilities, and actual struggles of life. From the many hopes, aims and aspirations of life, which people, and perplex the mind, one is to be chosen, strengthen-

ed and matured, one with which our future is to be identified, and upon which our success in life is to depend. There comes an instinctive shrinking from the responsibility of the choice, which is intensified by a consciousness of incapacity, to meet the expectations of friends, and discharge all the responsibilities which our educational advantages impose. It is this feeling which moderates, and sobers the joy and satisfaction, which the prospect of a speedy release from College would otherwise afford. There comes a feeling, a deep conviction, that our work while in college has been selected, and marked out by others, that our action has resembled action under necessity, and that responsibility for it has been shared by others. There comes the unpleasant thought that our tasks are no longer to be chosen for us, but by us. The prospect of wider freedom, is saddened by the increased responsibility which it will bring with it. We believe that such feelings come home with peculiar power and significance to a man in Senior Year, and at no time more deeply than in the evenings of it, when the cares and excitements, the trials and employments of the day are done; when the noise and bustle of life are hushed in silence; when the deepening shadows of twilight cast a gloom over his feelings and give a kind of sombre melancholy to all of his contemplations; when alone he sits down to review the past and contemplate the untied future; when he communes with himself, and sees the wide gulf which intervenes between his aspirations and his acquisitions. The dreams of College ambition have all been dissipated, their unreal nature has been exposed, and their incentives are fast departing. Solemn, solid realities are beginning to displace the phantoms, and to sweep away the shadows which College life creates.

It is in the calm serenity of the evenings of Senior Year, that memory goes back and reviews the changes which four years have wrought, changes in feeling, in thought, and in character. It leads one back to contemplate how enmity has been changed into friendship; how new combinations have been made, and new associations formed; how new relations have developed new ideas and transformed the judgments of prejudice into the judgments of reason; how acquaintance has ripened into friendship, and friendship into intimacy; how, in short, all of his ideas of men and things have been changed and modified. Within four years, how many times has friendship been tested by prosperity and adversity; how many times has confidence been misplaced and betrayed, how many times has selfishness subdued liberality; how long and how many have been the contests

between principle and policy, how violent the struggles for self and against self. How often have defeats brought despondency and self-reproach. How often has the heart been sick of, how often positively disgusted with, the tedious routine and irksome monotony of College life. These and many more such feelings will come up with a sad vividness to every one who reflects upon the changes which four years have wrought. Four years, he will find, have made great changes in the material of his class. He will find in it probably a little more than half of the original number who entered with him. Some have left from positive inability to sustain themselves; some from disappointment; some from want of energy and resolution, and some from having ruined health in attempting to gratify an inordinate ambition. Some have passed thro' "the dark valley," and suddenly entered upon the unknown realities of eternity. He will find that death has spoken to him while in College, repeatedly, with a solemn eloquence, and has broken in upon his reflections and meditations.

As it has been customary heretofore to say something of a class nature in the last number of the Lit. issued by a class, we trust that no one will take offense at it. All that binds us to and identifies us with Yale, will soon be broken up, and gone forever. Only six weeks more of our four years' course remain. Four years of preparation and application are to be soon submitted to the practical tests of the world. Whatever has been false in our culture, or wrong in our pursuits, will be developed and tried by the impartial tribunals of practice. Pet opinions and darling plans must be abandoned, if they are not consistent with those things which the world makes the conditions of success in life. New associations, new habits of thought, feeling and action, will have to be formed, and new difficulties will soon confront us. The world will ask not what we *have done*, but what we *can do*—not how much we have worked, but how much we can work. Upon our answers to these questions will depend much of our success in life.

What has our College life furnished us with for the battle of life, and for the contests upon which we will soon enter? Has it given power, health, and energy to our intellect? Has it given a symmetrical development to all of those resources and powers which nature has endowed us with? Has it given us habits and methods of thinking and acting which we are willing to submit to the tests of actual life? Has it fortified us against the dangers and indiscretions of conceit and excessive self-confidence, by giving us a healthful consciousness of power? These are questions which any and every man about to graduate from

College may reasonably ask himself, and ought to impartially answer. The past is worse than worthless if it has not provided us with these safeguards, and does not furnish strong stimulants to active exertion in the future.

Our last vacation is at hand. The places that now know us, as a class, will soon know us no more forever. Others will fill our places, and things will move along in College as if we never had been here. Others' slumbers will be broken by the morning prayer bell. Others will sleep as soundly and as wickedly in the Chapel seats. Others will enjoy as much comfort in them, (and we hope more.) Others' voices will mingle with "the voices of the night" beneath the shade of the old elms, and swell the chorus as loud and strong. Good fellowship and good cheer will pervade other classes. Others will form friendships here for a life time, and the walls of these old rooms will witness the formation of other intimacies. Within these same rooms other hearts will unburden themselves to other hearts, will grieve over disappointments and failures, and rejoice over successes and victories.

Only a few more evenings of Senior Year remain—only a few more evenings to sit down, cigared, slippers and study-gowned, to talk over with some genial heart future prospects, future hopes, and future aspirations. Presentation Day will soon be here, a few weeks will scatter us, never to meet again, except:

"When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Talent, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again."

S. D. F.

John Dryden.

No part of modern history is more interesting to the general reader, or more valuable to the student, than that which describes the manners, the events, the men of the seventeenth century. Those hundred years are a period, which, with two or three besides, stands out in advance of all other times, and invites us to an examination, as instructive as agreeable. Would we follow changes in social life, we find a continual progress from the rusticity of the English under Elizabeth,

to the pomp and courtliness of Le Grand Monarque. Would we trace political changes and ascertain the rules of diplomacy which controlled them, what richer mine than the two English Revolutions and the long years in which arms and the pen successfully established France, and made her the brilliant nation of Christendom. The men of that time were Gustavus Adolphus, Cromwell, unhappy Charles, Czar Peter and William III. The great movements toward the intercourse of men and the welfare of the world, were the opening of the East Indies by the Dutch, the settlement of New England and the rest of the Atlantic border. But it was not the least benefit of this century that it gave to the world Corneille, Racine, Molière, Milton, Dryden; while a sixth of it had elapsed before Shakespeare and Cervantes went down into their graves. The last of its poets, whose credit it is to have gained his fame while Europe was thronged by illustrious men, is a man gifted, versatile, brilliant; marked for his great mind, his little soul, and a like diversity of outward circumstances. He was John Dryden.

Dryden was born in Oldwinkle, All-Saints, Northamptonshire, August 8th, 1631. In this part of England he spent his boyhood and early youth, occupied, in part at least, by studies preparatory to the University. The influences which surrounded him were somewhat peculiar, and had very much to do with his future career, which was extraordinary for its brilliance and its changes, and can only be explained by Dryden's position in early life. He was of a Puritan family, his mother the daughter of a minister of that sect, his father an adherent of Cromwell, and an office holder under him during the Revolutionary commotions of that period. The strict principles of the Puritans of Dryden's youth had sway in his father's household, separating its members from many of the surrounding families, and making it easy for the young poet, when out in the world, to feel the difference between the gayety of the superficial religion of the Anglican Church and the rigor of the Independent doctrines. Cut off through his country life in a region by no means thickly peopled, and still further detached from contact with the world by the situation of his family, the ambitious, self-reliant youth felt himself out of his element, and longed for a congenial place. At the age of nineteen, he entered the University of Cambridge, where, free from the restraints of home, and surrounded by society into which his wit, rather than birth, admitted him, he gradually relaxed into violations of the University rules and into breaches of order, for which he was obliged to atone. The feeling, perceptible to the consciousness of students, which transfers the blame

of such conduct to some phantom grievance, occasioned in an indefinite way by the Faculty, biased him in some degree against his Alma Mater, and led him at a subsequent period to express in verse his preference for Oxford. Still, Cambridge was better than Oldwinkle. He preferred to reside at the former place, after graduation, 'till, when twenty-five or twenty-six years old, he felt it necessary to be up and doing, and went to London. From this time, he lived in the metropolis. Here he won literary fame by untiring toil. Here he reigned for many years as the wit of wits. Here he experienced great adversity, and but the mean of material prosperity. Here he made enemies, both among the great and the mediocrity, whose ill-will, alike galling, he repaid by sarcasm, razor sharp, or by abuse the most unsparing. Such a susceptibility to censure, and utter disregard of the feelings of his opponents, are in keeping with the man, and are the result of a single trait of character.

The love of home, attachment to the scenes of birth and education, the beauty of the disposition which give rise to such emotions, are themes of common-place declamation, though they never grow dull and trite any more than "the pleasant light of the sun." Such feelings are in force during childhood, the time when we live at home, and in manhood, the time when we have a home. Between these parts of life there is a transition period, when fondness for home seems to dwindle away, either through desire of novelties which gradually make us tire of familiar scenes, or from eagerness for the main chance which induces hope of having and being something better in the future than in the past. It is now that the farm boy goes into the small town; the youth of a town emigrate to the city; the young citizen hurries to the metropolis. To many such, particularly if they are of lowly origin, the change holds out every encouragement. They cannot sink below their original level; they may rise. It is no humiliation to them, unaccustomed to the amenities of social life, strangers to delicacy of feeling, to turn any stone, to resort to any expedient, to forego for the time personal independence to any degree, if their conduct but nicks places for hands and feet, wherewith to climb the steep slope whose top they long to reach. "Let us advance," is their cry. "I have put my hands to the plow, and I cannot turn back, be there rain or wind, or broiling sun." The pampered youth, from his luxurious room casts a delicate glance into the field, and thanks Heaven he is not a laborer. But time rolls on, and the harvest comes. Then the world, forgetting the

hard hands, the sweaty face, the torn cloths of seed time, liberally bestows its applause. "Exitus acta probat."

Just such was Dryden's experience. Home had lost its attractions ; every good lay in London. Conscious of his powers, covetous of the rank, and luxury, and influence, which he saw talent obtaining, he started to win. It mattered not to him what people thought of the means employed, if he only got on. Eagerness for fame, then, or rather for immediate reputation and comfort, are the secret of his chameleon-like life.

When Cromwell died, the Revolutionists still continuing in power, Dryden thrust his way through the crowd, and dropped a poetic tear into the funeral urn. When England went over to the exiled Stuart, he joined his acclamations with the loudest, and strewed flowers of poesy in the path of the returning monarch. The beauty of the offering, of which Dryden was quite as well aware as others, had the desired effect, and attracted the notice of some of the gentry and of the nobility also. But little time elapsed after the return of Charles II., when Dryden entered on a department of poetic labor that increased his temporary, but diminished his posthumous fame. Eager to increase his present pecuniary means which were not large by inheritance, but sufficient to yield him support, he was unwilling to develop his genius in poetry, but preferred to employ his talents in producing rhyming plays. He wrote them rapidly, for nature had given him great facility in the use of words, and extraordinary perceptions of the harmony of them. He was able, therefore, to produce dramas, tragic and comic, with a celerity and finish unattainable by any other poet of the times, though the labor he was obliged to undergo, was not after all so great as might be expected. Many of his plays were altered from the Spanish, which spared him the trouble of invention, and, in many cases, of composition. The chief difficulty, therefore, lay in judicious selection and accommodation of the paraphrase to the public taste. In this the poet was sometimes successful, and sometimes failed ; yet he was so superior to the other wits of the day, that his rise in court and popular esteem was steady. Nor did he allow any intermission to divert public notice from him, for though the fire and plague of 1666 had closed the theatres and the flow of money into the poet's pocket, he improved the interval by composing the *Annus Mirabilis*, a poem of two hundred and fifty verses, each of four lines, describing the events of that year. By the poem he commended himself so much to the throne and the realm, that on the death of the

Laureate, he was universally regarded as the only fitting successor. He was accordingly appointed, nominally from 1668, really in 1670, and continued to hold the situation till the deposition of James II., when he was ousted, in consequence of the ensuing political changes.

His new position does not seem to have affected his customary literary labors, but rather to have confirmed him in them. For however much the divine afflatus may have struggled for release, Dryden was not the man to choose literature for its inherent pleasures, when money and court favor could be had by becoming a quasi literary hack. His biographers assert that his plays were frequently plotted and elaborated in accordance with the taste of Charles, and having received the royal sanction, were offered to the public. Literature conformed to such a standard, as we might expect, had only a short-lived reputation. Even in his own time he was often assailed by envious antagonists, but having exhaustless satire and great pluck, he came boldly up to the defense, pointing out what he conceived to be the true drama, and maintaining that rhyming plays accorded with his definition. But though he would never confess himself worsted, he had the frankness to own, during his later years, when he had read with attention the master of the drama, that his own labors did not deserve the merit, which he had previously claimed and would have welcomed eagerly, had it been accorded to them. Posterity has rendered the same verdict; and the present generation would have valued Dryden as much without his dramas as with them. But whenever Dryden undertook anything on which he gave scope to himself, he excelled. He excelled in his defensive pamphlets, and still more in offensive satire. A satirical disposition was born in him. Use of it brought him into trouble while a University student, and out of trouble when an author. He could confine it, or at will deepen it into sarcasm biting and gross, and by an infusion of it into his versatility of rhythm, produce a caustic burning everything to which it was applied. An instance of his power in this direction is seen in the political satire, *Absalom and Achitopel*, in which Charles and the court party are represented by David and other appropriate characters, while the Duke of Monmouth, Charles' natural son, and the famous Earl of Shaftesbury are intended by Absalom and Achitopel. The satire was an extraordinary success in every respect, and obtains quite as much credit now as it did favor in the times for which it was written. Dr. Johnson says of it: "Its acrimony of censure, its elegance of praise, its rigor of sentiment and pleasing harmony of numbers, are raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition."

The next work of like character is the *Hind and Panther*, a poem which would more than repay the labor of an accurate criticism. It would be interesting to investigate the feelings of a man who had been brought up a Puritan, had afterwards been a zealous adherent of the church of England, and at last had vaulted into Popery. It would be instructive to be made familiar with the mental operations of this religious tumbler defending this last feat, on which a life time had set a seal of condemnation.

But a thorough appreciation of the poem, now historic, would require that we carry back our lives to the years just preceding the great Revolution of 1688, and enter personally, into the events of that troubled period: that we realize the bigotry of the Papists, and the ardor of the Protestants; the yearnings of intelligent Englishmen for a civil liberty which the bulls of the Pontiff, the craft of a royal zealot, or the machinations of the Romanized nobility could never weaken. We must know the strife and passion, which a religious controversy, hot and powerful, had engendered in the hearts of the nation, in order to feel the astonishment at the appearance of the *Hind and Panther*. While the waves of discord were foaming far as the eye could reach, the poet went inland to a cool retreat, and there wandering in the quiet of an embowered walk, now known as Dryden's walk, he created a new element of strife, and sent it out to make the tumult fiercer than ever. The Romish Church, under the figure of a milk-white Hind, the Anglican Church a Panther, were representations by no means pleasing to Protestant pride; and the advantage constantly given to the Hind in the controversy, tended not to soothe. Beside these peculiarities, there is a merit of high order attaching to Dryden, for the marvelous skill by which he clothes polemical reasoning in verse. It is difficult to argue well in prose; but to reason in verse, polished and flowing, is an art as deserving of praise as it is difficult and infrequent. The force of the poem was felt in its day, and would undoubtedly have elevated its author into the front rank, had James II. succeeded in making England a Catholic realm. But to us, able to weigh the motives of the writer, and the evidence for and against Rome and Protestantism, though we can appreciate the beauty of illustration, the acute reasoning, the cadence and novel effect of the poem, the two beasts seem ludicrously and needlessly to be discussing the politico-religious topics of the day. It is enough to add, that the work got its death blow at the fall of its royal patron, and is now read by few other than literateurs.

A single word touching the poet's metrical translation of Virgil. No one who has read it, and compared it with the original, can have failed to mark its faithfulness and beauty. Dryden brought to his task a natural fondness for it, the experience and cultivation of forty years, a true appreciation of the classic author's conceptions. He executed well. His contemporaries lauded, and Posterity has bestowed the same marks of approval. His labors, in this direction especially, entitle him to the praise of having done much to reform the literary taste of England, and of having prepared it to welcome and enjoy the polished Addison, the melody of Pope and of Goldsmith. Had Dryden been a man of pure mind, shrinking from indelicacy and pruriency, had he, willing to write for future rather than immediate approval, been content to cultivate the varied powers revealed in his last poem and translation, he might, with his cotemporary, Milton, have set, the sun, instead of following as the evening star.

T. B. D.

How I spent a Month in the Adirondacks.

"Learn to suffer, and be strong."

LONGFELLOW.—

We have the most profound reverence and the most hearty relish for the refinements and comforts of modern civilization. We love a comfortable bed, a decent table, and a good comfortable habitation. We love our coffee flavored and colored with the lacteal fluid, and cups other than tin to drink from. We love an occasional indulgence in clean linen, an occasional employment of the art ton-sorial, a wardrobe at hand, from which to replenish our protection against the warfare of the elements. We love to look over an occasional issue of the Daily Press. We like to feel as if we had something in common with mankind. We like to don our "Heavy English" and "choker," and "sit up" with others besides uncivilized back-woodsmen. We like to hear other music besides that of clamorous bull-frogs and hooting owls. As a most enthusiastic disciple of

Isaac Walton, we love, to see the speckled denizen of the limpid water, struggling for "dear life" at the end of our silk line. We love the intense excitement, with all of its absorbing incidents and exertions of ingenuity. We have always cherished an enthusiastic devotion to the pursuits of Nimrod. We like a good day's shooting in the open country, over a staunch pointer. We love to be startled by the whirring noise of the frightened quail, and have a brace of them and a stream of feathers show our good shooting. We like to see our "stub and twist" do good execution, and create a splashing amid a flock of the feathered denizens of our inland waters. At night, when all is still and quiet, we like to float for deer on the placid surface of the beautiful Raquette, and be startled by two glaring balls of fire, and feel that their possessor is within range of two rounds of buck shot. We love to run our eye along our gun barrels, to pull the fatal trigger, and have our pride flattered by knowing that we have killed our first deer.

The writer of this article having been one of the number composing the Adirondack party, mentioned in the last issue of the *Lit.*, deems it his duty, in justice to those who meditate the rash act of making a trip to this wilderness, to mention some facts on the other side—to suggest the best way to avoid a useless sacrifice of the comforts of civilization, to give his sad experience of the dangers to be encountered and the hardships to be endured—the best way to go—the outfit necessary—and divers other things, an account of which will appear in the course of this article.

Well, having heard of the sports of this region, and having *not* heard of the inconveniences, the subscriber was instrumental in persuading a lot of unfortunates to visit the wilderness.

The first thing that naturally suggests itself, is the outfit, the things necessary for such an expedition. The first and most desirable article is a coat of mail (mere corduroys of no use) for protection against the innumerable swarms of mosquitoes, and a diminutive specimen for human torture, well-known as the black fly. For an insect of its size, I know of none that can equal it for inflicting torture. The manner of attack is as follows: It backs off—ram fashion—and strikes a bee-line for the inside corner of your eye, (generally the left) and will bleed you in said tender spot before you can place your finger on the said orb to protect it.

I now proceed to mention other articles of the outfit. The second thing is a plug of tobacco, (cheap—a hod full for sixpence;) one Irish pipe, (two if you can afford it;) one fine tooth comb; one barrel of

whiskey, (vulgarly called old rye) for medicine (?) and a copy of the New York Ledger. I recapitulate :

One plug of tobacco.
One (or two) Irish pipes.
One barrel of whiskey (for medicine ?)
Copy of the New York Ledger.
Coat of mail.

(Those who study Demosthenes' "Oration on the Crown," will observe that the above makes a complete period—ending with the same topic which commenced the sentence.)

It is proper to mention here what such an expedition costs. First, it costs a deal of pluck and courage, and more patience than the generality of men possess; also a considerable quantity of blood. The amount of this last depends on the quality. Some men do not lose any. Others are pretty nearly sucked dry. "With regard to what is called pocket money, no general estimate can be made; it is greater than parents or guardians generally suppose." The facilities for spending money in this uninhabited region are so numerous, that some are "unwarrantably extravagant."

The next thing to be considered is the manner of traveling, and the route. In regard to the first, the cheapest way is to go a-foot or walk. In this way you will have the advantage of viewing the scenery, and can choose your own time of traveling. In regard to the second, by all means avoid the city of Albany, with its noisy and impudent hackmen, its bad rum, and the State Legislature. In Albany we lost our guide-book, our baggage checks, our patience, and our brandy procured for medicinal (?) purposes. It may be proper here to remark, that the latter article was left in charge of one who, doubtless anticipating Judge Storr's decision in the "Anderson case," refused to answer all questions, on the ground of self-crimination. Avoid, also, the benighted State of Vermont, especially if you have three cents ahead, for you will be followed by the inhabitants thereof, eager to handle if not to secure your small surplus. Nothing will exercise one of these Vermonters so much as the fact that some one else has an extra three cent piece. Another advantage of avoiding the State just mentioned, is that you will gain time in consequence of having longer days; for the sun does not rise in that country till ten in the forenoon, and sets at three in the afternoon, leaving your days only five hours long. It has been well said, that Vermont is a good State to be born in, provided you emigrate early. Our advice is, to "pass her by on the other side."

Well, after various hardships and vexations, we finally arrived at the borders of this land of mosquitoes, with a good supply of blood, and easy of access to these bloody and voracious tormenters. The first day we journeyed into the wilderness about twelve miles, and being somewhat wearied, made preparation for a good night's rest. But alas! for our hopes. That night will never be forgotten by that unfortunate band. We had scarcely arranged ourselves for the night, when a tremendous buzzing, like the roar of the ocean, startled us. We had been discovered by a band of the suckers. They held a council of war. Suddenly they struck up the song of "Here they are," "Here they are," and made a charge on their victims. Historians and Poets of future ages will write and sing of this terrible contest. It is impossible for language to give any adequate idea of the battle. We kept up a continual fire with small arms, and though the ground was strewn with the wings, legs, and bodies of our foes, we had to surrender. After sucking all the blood from one side of their victims, they withdrew, and sang another song something like the following: "Roll 'em over," "Roll 'em over." But no one rolled us over—consequently we passed for half men in the morning.

The next night, as chum and self, with our guide, were floating down the river for deer, in the blackest night, and most terrific thunder storm that I ever witnessed—(we had brought with us India rubber coats, and concluded that they were or would have been glorious things, provided we could have worn them during this storm; but as they were at the camp, several miles down the river, they did us no good)—I say, as we were gliding down the river, we heard an unearthly noise, or hooting—which, upon investigation, proved to be a harmless owl—though chum declares to this day that it was a bear.

I can only give a general, and not a particular account of our journey. We were about a month in this country. Saw a good many things, and didn't see a good many things of which we had heard. Came out sadder, wiser, and leaner men, thoroughly phlebotomized—minus hats and boots—and with our garments, what we had left, pretty well ventilated. We resembled traveling rag-bags, more than any thing else. And were tempted to exclaim, as did the returned Mexican soldier, who brought back with him two wooden legs and one eye—

"Shrine of the mighty, can it be
That this is all that's left of me."

It cannot be successfully denied that we enjoyed the glad scenery of the country, the music of the woodland songsters, (not mosquitoes,) and pure air; were free as the air itself; no restraint, no one to laugh at your follies, or find fault with your conduct; that we had much good shooting, and much fine trouting; neither can it be denied that we had many a good wetting to the cuticle, many a sleepless and blood losing night. It cannot be denied that we had much of this world's good when we went in, and much poverty when came out; much enthusiasm when we went in, and a very sensible diminution of it when we came out. Finally, we love the novel experiences of the "Wilderness," but want them tempered and seasoned, with at least, some of the comforts, and refinements of civilization. We love to tell big stories when we come back, and most cordially hate to acknowledge ourselves "sold," whatever may be our success and experiences. If you have bad blood, go to the Adirondacks. If you want to appreciate home with its comforts and enjoyments—spend a month in the Adirondacks. If you wish to experience that exquisite feeling of loneliness, which a "sheep on a thousand hills" is supposed to have, go. At all events try it! We went; we survived: possibly you may. J. F.

On the Threshold.

There is a fountain in the realm of story,
From whose deep sources wondrous waters start;
The trembling step, the aged brow and hoary,
Their youth remembering, from its brink depart:
Is there no spring at which young souls may barter
Fear for fruition in its world-wise water?

Out of the past into the future drifting,
We reach a place where hope and memory meet;
Each in her faithful hand the glass uplifting,
Strives, of life's troubled story, to repeat
A share of those sad words that must be spoken,
Before for us the cistern-wheel is broken.

The useless playthings of the boy are lying,
 Crushed by the crowding feet of manhood's cares;
 Old voices in the well-loved past are crying
 From the forsaken haunts of earlier years;
 "Forget us not—no love like ours is glowing
 Where, in the unknown land, your hopes are going!"

A phantom fire across the darkness glancing,
 Beckons us forward with uncertain ray;
 To the weak heart that trembles while advancing,
 Tones from the dead ones in the dim world say—
 "Give us your faith—we have been crowned with glory—
 Bring to the hero land a noble story!"

And who shall lead us? Will our day's march lengthen
 Under the guidance of ambition's hand—
 Shall we find power in love—will passion strengthen
 Our faltering footsteps through this pilgrim land?
 Shall we be satisfied with idle seeming,
 And worship gods that come to us in dreaming?

But the past answers not—the *Miserere*
 Mourns through the mist-wrapped ways our feet have trod;
 Into the coming world we journey, weary
 To lay our burdens at the Gates of God:
 We shall not murmur if a joyful reaping
 Follow the laborers, going forth and weeping.

From Dan to Beersheba.

"There it goes"

"What goes?"

"Why, the half-finished leader for the April No. of the 'Lit,' and with it goes my last chance for immortality as a contributor to the stock of our permanent literature."

What the influence of that article upon the spirit and progress of the age might have been, there is, of course, no telling. But there it was. Blue coal-flames wrapped a lurid shroud about the writhing mass of blackness, while the sanctum stove growled a sullen requiem.

Failing, therefore, "to come to time," and forfeiting, thereby, all claim to a first appeal to your hearts and understanding, we have

reserved for ourselves the privilege of a few last words into your private ears, oh! ye multitudinous readers of this great and glorious Magazine! Ousted from Dan, we have betaken ourselves to Beersheba.

Crowded upon by the long list of articles which precede this, and hemmed in by the Editor's table, any attempt at an elaborate and lengthly dissertation at this late hour of the day is precluded. We know not, therefore, how we can better use the small space allowed us, than by calling attention to a most interesting series of articles upon the German Universities, inaugurated in the March No. of "Barnard's Journal of Education." The book may be found in the college library, and an examination of its contents cannot but afford large pleasure, independent of the amount of information to be gained upon a subject about which our community is most strangely benighted. At least one third of every graduating class entertains an indefinite hope of migration to the land of Universities, and misty mataphysics. But not one in fifty knows any thing at all of the men, who plod wearily through long years of study and beer drinking in these homes of learning, or of the manners and customs which invest them with a hazy charm to every dreaming student. Men constantly talk of spending a year in Germany—attending lectures at the Universities—and imagine that as the first step upon English soil makes a freeman, so a residence in a University town, however short, or however spent, must transform blockheads into Niebuhrs and Bacons. When the close of college life draws near, and an accusing consciousness of neglect of privileges, and of a lazy, dawdling misimprovement of advantages and opportunities which during four years lie at our thresholds, comes over us—we look longingly to foreign parts for that royal road to learning, which is supposed to wind several times around the hamlet of every stolid denizen of the country between Hamburg and Vienna. We imagine student-life in Germany, the necessary perfection of all sublunary bliss, and tender to every lager-loving graduate thereof multiplied honors and professorships innumerable. We hear, constantly, that the best of American Colleges places its average men at graduation only upon an even footing with stupid freshmen at Göttingen and Heidelberg; and see wilder speculations every day. In spite of Bristed's books, in the face of that most delightful "Student life" by Howitt, we persist in our vain imaginings,—though new sources of information multiply

upon us, we still hold *omne germanicum, pro mirifico*. Every man must have his Utopia, his imaginary oasis in the desert of a peaceful life, his green meadow and running stream, aside from the dusty and commonplace highway. Our Student Utopia is Germany.

An examination of the series of articles above referred to, will scatter to the winds many cherished conceits and superstitions of ignorance, while it cannot but change dreamy worship into genuine and intelligent admiration for the old cradles of the Reformation. They are translations from the work of a patient, plodding, German compiler whose facts are authenticated by huge documents, redolent of the Middle Ages and with all the romance mercilessly squeezed out. This first article is in a great measure taken up with detailing the founding and endowment of the older Universities, and brings down their history only through the 17th century. Under the author's treatment we view the subject, not through the prism which is usually held before it, but through common plate glass—and the translation has all the stiffness which belongs inseparably to all translations of a German original. But the matters discoursed upon are so utterly alien to the spirit of the present generation that an atmosphere of mummydom envelopes them, and an interest attaches to this laborious description which could not be enlisted by a modernized, dilettante essay. The author peers at us through his writings, a quaint, fossiliferous relic of antiquity; while long acquaintance with mouldy walls and dingy libraries has given him a solemn earnestness in telling even the ludicrous side of his story. Quoting from the statutes of the Theological Faculty at Vienna, he says: "The spiritual eye must be very clear from sin in order to discern the lofty themes of Theology. * * * Therefore, students of Theology must be free from shameful vices, serious and modest in speech, decent, respectably clothed—no drinkers, or brawlers—avoiders of evil companions; must shun suspicious places, and must not run after idle amusements." Think of that, will you? oh! ye virtuous dwellers in Divinity college!

Again, the statutes provide for students of Canon and Civil Law that they "shall conduct themselves in an orderly manner, and be quiet at lectures; not to shriek, howl, or hiss, or to laugh indecently, and not to yell at new comers, not to attend public dances nor to direct others to them." That the Faculty of Law at Vienna were snobs, who can now doubt?—a more unreasonable set of men never lived. Prevent a man from howling! who ever knew of such an infringement of personal rights? Horrid, wasn't it?

And then comes the legislation of the same exacting statutes, for the general body of students. The quotations already made have particular and appropriate reference to students of theology and law. This next is leveled ruthlessly at all others: "Students shall not spend more time at drinking, fighting, and guitar playing, than at logic, physics, and the regular courses of the lectures; and they shall not get up public dances in the streets. Quarrelers, wanton persons, drunkards—those who go about serenading at night, or who spend their leisure in insulting citizens, players at dice, having been properly warned, and not reforming, besides the ordinary punishment provided by law for those misdemeanors, shall be deprived of their academical privileges and be ex-matriculated. These threats are directed especially against those who go about breaking into doors. Masters of the different faculties shall keep the peace with each other; and Beani (freshmen) shall not be ill-treated."

Is'nt that edifying! Horrid, is'nt it?

The Faculty at Wurtemberg prove themselves equally fastidious, by ordaining that theological students shall be punished for "immodest dancing, and carrying young women round in a circle (waltzing?) in violation of the ordinary forms of decent dancing." Where now is the presumptuous writer in the November No. of the Lit, who undertook in all seriousness, to humbug us into believing that "the old Universities did not interfere with morals, but left students amenable in this respect to the civil authorities?"

We set out upon this article, however, not with the original intention of dissertating upon morals of students during the sixteenth century, shockingly depraved though they were, disgustingly so—nor with quoting the official fulminations against evil doers—but with the purpose of saying a few words relative to that most salutary discipline which "gentlemen who have recently entered college," encounter at Freshman initiation. We had always supposed that the custom was *ancient*, because "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" and knew that it was *honorable*, because all men participate in it. But our author puts the whole matter in altogether a new light, when he describes the "Deposition"—a process ten times more ludicrous, and managed with an immense deal more of buffoonery than the farce annually enacted here. Freshmen were subjected to all manner of ridiculous persecutions, and farcical ceremonies, in the presence of members of the Faculty. The whole proceeding was officially recognised for the purpose of

ridding new comers of conceit, and inspiring them with an humble and healthful awe for their superiors. The statutes ordained "no one shall be enrolled as a student, who shall not previously have undergone, here or elsewhere, the rite of '*Deposition*,' anciently established." Melancthon eulogized the custom, deprecating the plans of certain innovators, who would do away with it. And Luther, while Professor at Wurtenburg, publicly took part in rushing the freshmen around, hanging them, binding horns to their foreheads, blacking their faces, and putting salt in their mouths, that, forsooth, they might learn from this symbolical annoyance to "salt their conversation with salt!" The ceremony was not a mere piece of buffoonery invented by the students, but a constituent part of the system of education, which gave the world the greatest scholars and theologians of the Reformation.

We hope this part of the article in the "Journal of Education," will be diligently perused, and that new devices for torture and humiliation of the *Beani*, may be thus suggested to the efficient managers of this part of our early collegiate education. B. N. H.

"The Student in New Haven Society."

We had hoped to have settled this much vexed question, in the present No. But our article is unavoidably crowded out. With sincere regret therefore, we must leave it to the next board.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

NAVY INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting of the Navy, held March 23d, the bold attempt to raise our Navy from its inefficient and disunited condition to one worthy of the name of Yale, was most effectually rendered fruitless by the combined *stubbornness* of '61 and '62, with whom the matter rested. This was the first attempt—the *second* will be more successful. "We were hardly prepared for such a *reform*, (for a reform it must have been *in toto*.) But, without a doubt, some coming class, not three years hence, more liberal minded than its predecessors, will see the necessity of such a change, and seeing the necessity, will not hesitate to adopt the rejected system, proposed in the last number of this respectable Magazine.

At last we are to have a boat-house, the dream of every Yalensian boatman, sleeping or waking—from his first pull to his last, round the buoy of Sophomore Biennial, over the rough course of College life—since the smooth waters and the smoother mud of our harbor were first ventured upon by some adventurous class away back in the dark ages of the past. Yes! we are really to have a boat-

house, and one, too, from which we can get out at all times and all tides. By the 15th of May it is to be completed, and that shall be the commencement of a new era in Yale boating. On the banks of Mill River, (that noble stream,) at the foot of Grand street, is this delightful vision to rise before our long expecting eyes. Then, farewell to Riker's, with all its conveniences (?)

Let every Yalensian, boatman or otherwise, from the dignified Senior who rejoices in the initial A. to the humble Freshman who feels no less the importance of Z. throw up his hat and give three cheers for Alexis Harriot of the class of '56, with whom the plan of this boat-house originated. S. D. P.

Prize List.

More than a month after the usual time, the following annual prizes have been finally announced.

To the members of the Class of 1859. THE DERFOREST GOLD MEDAL, for the solution of problems in the Higher Mathematics, to

Arthur Williams Wright.

Second Prize.

George William Jones.

FOR ENGLISH COMPOSITION—Class of 1861.

	1st Division.	2nd Division.	3rd Division.
1st Prize.	Simeon E. Baldwin.	James W. McLane.	{ Joseph L. Shipley. { John C. Tyler.
2d "	{ George B. Beecher. { Franklin B. Dexter.	{ James L. Harmar. { Wilmot H. Goodale.	Gilbert M. Stocking.
3d "	{ Franklin S. Bradley. { R. L. Chamberlain.	{ William H. Fuller. { James N. Hyde.	{ John Mitchell. { Sextus Shearer.

TRUMBULL GALLERY.

A large number of the professorial Portraits which have heretofore adorned Trumbull Gallery, have now been transferred to Alumni Hall, there to hang in state, and frown upon eaters of the Graduates' dinner, and applicants for the Freshman Class.

Their places in Trumbull Gallery are temporarily occupied by a varied and large collection of paintings, deposited by Mr. Sheffield and Mrs. Skinner, of this city, and by Mr. Coit of Norwich. Among them are copies of Salvator Rosa, Carlo Dolce, and others of the old masters, valuable and beautiful. We should advise all lovers of Art and Beauty to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit the Gallery, at once. A genuine treat awaits you.

Editor's Table.

We have always been taught to believe that Job's patience was subjected to every manner of trial likely to prevail against it, and since the days when "those jolly old fellows, the Patriarchs, ranged the country with a multitude of camels and a plurality of wives," no one has arisen to contest his title to the

virtue But it is nowhere recorded, we believe, that Job ever undertook to get out the April number of the "Lit," and what the issue of his trials might have been had he turned editor, there is, of course, no telling. In the series of pictures of torment and diabolical agony which Dante (or, as Mr. Lord has it, Dā-āntee,) has drawn in his *Inferno*, and which that portion of this civilized community uninitiated in "labors editorial" vainly imagines to be complete, no type or prototype of the editor of the April number of the "Lit," can be found. How such an accident should happen, is a mystery to be classed with that which envelops the author of *Junius*, or the true character of the Man of the Iron Mask—a mystery, we say, and we say it deliberately. That a man of Dante's genius and experience of the world, should fail to see what a charm of blood-curdling horror a graphic description of a man eternally inflicted with the unending duty of getting out the April number of the *Lit*, would add to his *Inferno*, is a matter forever to be wondered at. Why, just consider a moment—look at the facts in the case—transport yourself in fancy (in fancy only, we beseech you) to the landing on the hither side of *Styx*, and watch the approach of the victim. The "sperrits" cease their clamor, and instinctively open a pathway to the boat as he draws near, abstractedly, moodily. The shade of a shabby swallow-tail coat envelopes a breast which once beat with high literary aspirations, while ghostly slippers expose to view his editorial heels. The fogs thicken and a denser gloom hangs around even that benighted region, as, with a countenance expressive of forlornest despair, and looking as if an elephant had trod on it, silently, sullenly he enters the skiff. The slumbrous stream grows stagnant with horror at the image mirrored in its leaden waters, while *Charon* alternately "catches crabs" and "backs water," at sight of him. *Cerberus* forgets to growl, and the harsh-grating gates of *Pluto* stand still upon their hinges. The internal economy of his majesty's dominions is momentarily deranged as the editor locomotes into it two glaring eyes protruding from a countenance of blank stolidity. Dumb amazement gives *Sisyphus* his second holiday; the *Danaides* drop their buckets at the editor's approach; while "more copy" rings eternally in his ears, and the judges doom him to the everlasting duty of getting out an unending April number of the "Lit!"

Think of that, will you, and then say there's anything like it in all the *Inferno*!

This therefore being the case, we most emphatically say, "confound those Townsends." It is singular, very singular, how men will devote themselves to the frivolities of life, to the neglect of lofty pursuits and high aims. Why, hang it all, here we've been drumming around College for weeks, a very vagabond upon the face of the earth, in the vain attempt to persuade men to win for themselves an envied immortality by writing for the April number of the *Lit*,—and here is the result. A single sparrow, flitting through the church, drew the attention of an entire audience from *John Knox's* sermon—and six *Townsend* essays have, with some, proved a bait large enough to monopolize that interest which should be devoted to this great and glorious Magazine. Tell it not in *Gath*!

We subscribe a hearty assent to the following calculation of the *Harvard Magazine*, and trust that the fate of the *Lit*, may be no less happy than that which the writer augurs for his own "peculiar institution." Speaking of apprehensions

which some entertain lest "all subjects which interest students should be finally exhausted, and our little well of inspiration drawn dry," he says: "When that day comes, I suppose the mission of College magazines is accomplished, and the Harvard will be ready to expire; but, making all allowances for the fresh minds which succeed those of the present dynasty, and the new incidents which come up for discussion, I have made the approximation—which I think is a fair one—that she will then be about the middle of her 1,497th volume." But the experience of the last few weeks has firmly convinced us of the wisdom which entrusts the destinies of *Maga.* to each Board of Editors for but one year. By the time the last No. makes its appearance, the aforementioned managers are themselves pretty well "drawn dry," and the persistent devotion of the College world to other and more exciting avocations, grows painfully evident. Were the "*Lit.*" a newspaper, or a repository for essays and abstractions, we might write perpetually, and perhaps profoundly. But the various and dainty tastes to be satisfied under the standard which determines the merits and defects of articles which appear upon our pages, rule most such contributions out of order; while the unending doses of "disputes and compositions" to which we are semi-weekly treated in the division room during three years of our course, have pallied the appetite of the most insatiate devourer of College productions by the time his classmates stick up the posters for the last number of the "*Lit.*"

While that chastened sentiment which pervades Scott's novels was popular, students wrote and tolerated love adventures, interlarded with rhetoric. But in these latter days to prevail upon any one to grind out a tale is almost an impossibility; while an universal outcry against "splurging," has frightened the community into utter horror at similes, metaphors and images. That our tastes are improved, we most heartily believe, but that a morbid sense of the ridiculous should work quite so iconoclastically, we as heartily regret.

A consciousness that college critics would be outraged at a love-story, has, operated to deter us from publishing more than one such serial. But the main cause of our non-committal on this delicate subject, must be found in the sad effect produced upon certain excitable temperaments, by the few wild wailings of passion, in that one venture. We are fully aware of the heavy responsibility which rests upon us as managers of the press, and directors of the public mind; and by no means desire, that, in addition to the assault which we have been for two months sustaining at the hands of indignant New Haven ladies, we should find ourselves the victims of anathemas from parents whose sons look to us for intellectual food, and, excited by our articles, enter into indiscreet matrimonial alliances. Since the publication of that article three Freshman, subscribers and constant readers of the *Lit.*, have been reported engaged, having been influenced in taking the step, it is supposed, by "*The Devil.*" What the consequences may be, cannot, of course, be determined; but they may, prove fatal. Whatever they be; we shall be held responsible.

But without intending to express the slightest indifference to the fate of these three unfortunate young gentlemen, we must say that their case seemed to us as nothing compared with the hard lot of an esteemed friend in another class. He admired the article referred to, enthusiastically; and told us so. He felt, he said, the deepest sympathy for the author, who, he affirmed, deserved better treat-



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